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THIS account of Pudding Sneth begins properly with old man Solomon Sneth, boatman, in the days when steamboats and railways were not.

Everyone in Jacks Branch, Tennessee, knew the legend that old man Solomon, in one of his early flatfooting trips down the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers, fell in with the raft that bore Abraham Lincoln on his historic journey to New Orleans.

That adventure became the most precious heirloom in the Sneth family. It was handed down from father to son. It reached Andrew Johnson Sneth in the shape of, "When your daddy was on Linker's raft, etc." It reached James K. Polk Sneth dead in, "When your granddaddy went down the Mississipp with Linker, etc." and it filtered down to Theodore R. Sneth, better known in Jacks Branch as Pud, or Pudding, Sneth, in this shape: "When your great-granddaddy rafted with President Linker, he never would have thought his great-grandson would want to leave home and jine the navy."

Pud's mother had used just this expression, which was unfortunate, for Pudding immediately retorted that "President Linker would be about as stout for the American navy as anybody, because he owned it once." Then Pud sat down by his mother on a log, for he had started walking to the railroad station eleven miles distant, and shamed and gone part of the way with him. He sat down, drew out a leaflet showing a khaki-dressed youth gayly signaling a man or war from the top of a tropical tree, and underneath Pud spelled out painfully, "See the world, good pay, promotion!"

They must have sat fifteen minutes longer, the old mountain woman staring silently at her pigpate son with tears in her eyes for fear of how the world would treat him. And the son sat, hunched at side, slouched over mountain fashion, his limbs full of fat lands and blue eyes, and in his ears came the rush of waves and the rattling of palms in the wind.

Presently the lad arose, picked up his bundle and a lunch designed to last him until he reached the recruiting station at Chattanooga.

"Well, good-by, mammy." The old woman was herself tall, but she had to lift her arms high to reach her boy's neck. "Good-by, son, good-by. Be—he a g-good boy!"—the formula for parting mothers and sons the whole world over. A hard lump came in the old woman's

throat, and only her mountain stoicism kept her from breaking down completely. They kissed each other solemnly, with the parting of years on them. Then she sat down on the log again with her fist pressed hard

against her quivering mouth, and he strode lightly down the trail, a giant born of the mountains, and the chick of antipodal palms asserted itself in his dreaming curs.

Some eighteen months later, Pud Sneth sat in the cook's galley of the Minnesota, a huge undershirted, sweaty giant, peeling potatoes. The muscles of his hairy forearm undulated gently as he drew his knife over the spuds and tossed them in a tub of water. The big mountaineer at this work looked like a Corbiss engine making tooth-picks. There was an absurdity between the force in reserve and the dribbling work accomplished.

Now and then the youngster twisted his long body on the stool, or stretched a long leg, and the heavy thigh muscles stood up like rubber ridges. He drew deep breaths of the starchy food-scented atmosphere, and it tickled him. It seemed to him that he had been in the galley a week on a stretch. He had a boy's exaggerated sense of time. He had not the fine bronze sunburn of the sailors on deck, but the steamed whitish look of a galley boy.

"I got to do something," he thought angrily to himself. "This ain't work; no way mammy could do this." Here he broke off to wonder abruptly why the navy didn't have women to do women's work. In the mountains the distinction between woman's work and men's work is clearly cut, though the women often get over on the men's side and do a man's work. There is no reciprocity, however.

Through a porthole misty with steam, Pud glimpsed a dim image of a spit of sand and a clump of palms. A tantalizing vision filtered through his brain of climbing a palm for coconuts. He snipped his potatoes viciously.

"Call this seeing the world—looking through a little round steamy port!" At that moment Schwartz, chief cook, punched his helper sharply in the ribs, bawling:

"How many times do I haff to tell you to quit peeling spuds and wash these boilers already!"

The punch caught Sneth's breath. Next instant the mountaineer swung onto a corded arm, landed on the chef's madrif, and slid a m and hit him against the steel bulkhead like a lump of dough.

The round red-faced man glared at his assistant before breath returned. Then he flared.

"Haff you gone mad, you long crane? Hit me like that? I'll report you. Hit your superior! It's nuttin' repelition, into der brig! You—"

His voice spluttered out. Pud Sneth stared at the fat man's round purple face, and a sudden fear seized him for what he had done—struck a superior. He looked straight at the little man and wanted to tell him that the blow was automatic, al-

most accidental, but Pud had no such words at his command, would never have put the idea out. He swallowed, mumbled out something to the effect that "he didn't go to do it," and this made Schwartz more angry than ever.

"Didn't go to do it, eh? You will see, when you are rousing in der brig doubled-oop like a jacknife! Didn't go to do it!"

Sneth put by his paring and attacked the big brazen boilers. Schwartz subsided into growls, then presently the whole affair passed off his mind. The Hollander was really a very good-natured fellow, whose natural voice was a bawl, and his twenty years on a battleship caused him to pass over a stray knock with very little concern after his gust of temper had blown over.

But to Pud Sneth, with his nervous on edge for lack of hard work, it was no small wonder. All afternoon he watched the chief out of the corner of his eye, waiting for him to report. The giant went about his work trying to frame some defense when he was snatched before the officer, but there was none. He had struck his superior. He could feel himself jammed down in the unperched brig, his hammock and blankets thrust in after him, then in blank darkness to wait the endless hours.

Suddenly life on the Minnesota became unbearable. He was a cook's boy, he had intended to be in the signal corps or a gunner! He had fancied promotion, would come, but beyond a two-dollar raise at the end of the first six months he had received no more. "I had not occurred to Pud to go after a better berth, prepare himself, work for it. He simply did his chores and thought fortune would come his way at last. He was one with a million other such Puddings in the world."

Sneth went on rebelliously through the day's grind, and late in the evening all the men went out, leaving him and Schwartz alone in the galley. The chief was taking his final look over his department, then he brushed his white canvas coat from a hook, pulled it on, and waddled up the companionway to the deck.

Pud nervously watched him go. In a few moments he expected the bosun would come down and arrest him. The cook's boy stared at the polished brass handrail of the companionway. He suddenly decided he would not be found in the galley. He went up the stairs three at a stride and reached the after deck.

Night was beginning to fall with the swiftness of the tropics. Suddenly electric lights spurted out all over the huge battleship. Pud was directly under the glare of one. He got out of the way quickly. He moved quietly along the gun deck, keeping in the shadows until he reached the cutter chug in on deck from the davits. He crept into this and was concealed. A coil of rope lay in the cutter's bow. Pud sat down on this and stared up into the emerald green sky, out of which a single pearl-star star was just beginning to glimmer.

A medley of nervous, disappointed thoughts swirled through the giant's inert mind. He had expected so much, he had received so little. He had severely made a friend on shipboard. None of the boys fellows understood the silence of the mountaineer.

A droof of smoke twisted out of the after funnel high above. Pud's head and swirled away on the southwest wind to lose itself in the huge vacancy of the darkening sky. A gull swooped in close to the matter with a dry croaking. On the forward deck the boys laughed and talked and bowed and sang.

Suddenly the large sounded tape in bold, silvery notes. There came a running to mid fro. The pleasant confusion of the forward deck sank to a whisper. The muffled thrum of the engines below became the dominant sound. The spot-line sky was now powdered with stars.

Pud shivered, for he knew waiting for him below was an officer who would arrest him.

For the numbing silence, Pud thrust his head over the cutter's railward and glanced up and down the enormous deck. No one was near him. The horror of his claim in the mountains for any sort of arrest swept over him. He arose cautiously, took the end of the rope upon which he sat, and lowered it overboard. He played it out gently until it end dragged the slow swell of the sea. He gave the upper end a turn around a thud, then crapt over the side as noiselessly



as a mountain panther. He lowered himself gently hand over hand until he was in the warm sea, then he dropped the rope and struck out silently for the distant shore.

On the bridge stood two young subalterns enjoying the mysterious night charm of tropical seas. Both leaned on the rail and perused the ocean feverily as if it might tell them some strange secret.

Presently one of them pointed at a circling phosphorescence in the water where it seemed that something was moving away from the dark bulk of the battleship.

"What do you suppose that is, Tazewell?" queried his brother officer in a low voice.

"A shark," opined Tazewell, dreamily; "there are a lot of them in these waters."

Both young West Pointers had occasion to remember the incident next morning at roll call when the news scattered over the ship that cook boy Sneth had either fallen overboard and drowned, or deserted.

Holidays on shipboard mean a big dinner, no drill, and easy shore leave, but for Lieutenant Tazewell and his friend Boucher it meant a pig hunt in the Sierra Mountains north of Guantanamo Bay.

The dawn of February twelfth found the hunters already ashore trudging through a

quodmunt country, where thorn hedges grew high around sugar fields, and the avenue they followed was lined with tall taper Royal palms.

The conversation of the two officers ran idly over the ship's gossip, which of their gun crews would be the ship's cup of the next battle practice, whether the Queen Elizabeth or the new battleships the United States was building were the more powerful type of vessel; the use of submarines in times of peace and war.

The white shell road, built by the Americans, ended abruptly in the higher levels of the foothills, and the young West Pointers found themselves in a native path that was little more than a niche in the dense growth of the jungle; presently even this vanished and the country was given over to the reign of animals.

Parakeets and cockatoos flashed among the dense vines, screaming and croaking. A monkey ran chattering up a rosewood, and to the horror of the hunters, they saw sliding after him a mapp, or native boa constrictor at least eighteen feet long. But it was more antipathy that caused the bade to shudder. There are no snakes in Cuba that are either poisonous or dangerous to man. The uajis is huge, but harmless.

The sun was well up now, and here and there solitary rays penetrated the dense gloom in spears of heat and brilliant light. Butterflies of jewellike brilliance and hue zigzagged aimlessly through green interstices, gaudy chameleons darted here and there, while the thin nasal whine of unsuspicious and gnats filled the sailor's ears with a faint swelling rhythm, as if these tiny citizens of the air shouted in chorus the weird and the intricacies of some airy dance.

A loud grunt and a great crashing in the dense undergrowth notified the tars that they had jumped a drove of wild hogs. Both youths threw up their rifles, peering with all their eyes for a sight of the game. Both failed, but Tazewell saw a rushing wave in some saw grass and Kansas. He fired at whatever caused it. There came the flasher speed of a snake, and the wave dropped suddenly out of existence.

Both hunters rushed to the spot beneath the banyan that overspread their path like a many-legged spider.

Suddenly Tazewell, who was in front, stopped stock still.

"Why here he is!" he cried, "in a hole!"

"A hole?" echoed Boucher. Tazewell pushed the barrel of his rifle down through a black aperture in some matted grass, and an angry grunting came from beneath. "Yes, a pig."

"It's somebody's pig trap." "Well, it's our pig," declared Tazewell; "we shot it."

Both boys began planning to get the pig out of the pit. As they glanced about them, they observed mangoes, bananas, and pine apples scattered in the deep grass about the trap.

"It's pretty well baited," observed Boucher as he looked about for a strong liana to loop under the catch and drag it out.

He had just cast his eyes up, when he suddenly yelled and braced himself. The next instant a tawny giant of a creature swung out of the heavy arch of the banyan limbs and landed like a thunderbolt on the two officers.

Hardly knowing what they had encountered, the two young fellows fought desperately, but iron snags had caught them about the necks and rammed them together headlong into the grass and tangled vines. They could not push themselves up, for they had no support. They tried to wriggle out of this thing's grasp, but he jammed them into the lush growth worse than ever for their pains.

Presently Tazewell felt a huge hand run a liana under his elbows and across his back, and then drew his arms tightly behind him and tie them fast. When this was accomplished, all pressure was removed from him and he knew that Boucher was undermanning the same ordeal. Tazewell tried to pull himself up, but without the aid of his hands he could not manage it, and there he stood about half covered in vines and tough grasses, with his face scratched from thorns and saw-edged reeds.

"Senor," he called in a muffled voice, "Yo no desear un corbillon!" which was

very bad Spanish for, "I do not desire your pig."

There was no reply, and Tazewell essayed other apologetic phrases he had picked up in Guanatanama, and from Boucher he heard a faint, "Un equivocacion, senor!" or, "A mistake!" As to who was making the mistake, Boucher did not know enough Spanish to say.

A moment later a great hand drew the two sailors out of their plight as easily as if they had been children. They twisted around and sat down on the grass blinking their eyes. Then both blurted out in amazement:

"Sneth!"

The cook's boy gazed at them gloomily. His face was brown enough from the sun now and his canvas jacket, which he had been forced to keep so clean on the Minnesota, was dirty and torn. Even his stout leather shoes were saved from jungle grass. But for all that Sneth looked like a brown

at his ease now that he had captured his pursuers. He had their rifles and the remainder of his actions were easy. So in his dreamy blue eyes he did not see the crooked arching trunks of the banyan, nor the huge coiba tree just beyond it; instead, he saw the gray beauty of the Great Smokies in East Tennessee, and a mountain trail leading to a log cabin where an old woman sat in the doorway watching.

"What were you doing up in the tree, Sneth?"

"It's where I stay," explained the mountaineer, briefly.

"Where you stay?" pondered Boucher. Sneth nodded indifferently. "You see I can climb this spraddall tree easy, and from the top of it I kin git to the first branches of that big tree thar," nodding toward the coiba, "and then I can go on up about a hundred and fifty feet, whar I can see the Minnesot and Guanatanapo Bay."

"And what were you watching us for?"

you saw us after you?" asked Tazewell after while.

"They wasn't but two of you," murmured the giant.

"O, I see. And what are you going to do with us now you've captured us?"

"I don't know," mused Sneth. "If I turned you loose, you'd bring a lot of the boys back and run me out of here. And I'm sort of requinted here now. I know whar I can get pawpaws and mangoes, and now I've caught that pig. I don't know what to do with ye."

It was high noon now. Steamy heat arose in the jungle and set the officers perspiring like a swoosh. Four tussocks rushed hither and thither with thin wails and were drowned on their sweaty faces. It reminded Sneth of the cook's galley, except it was not so close—and here he was free. He was almost as much at home as the cook would have been. He had reamed mountains of his life's end a change of vegetation and temperature did not bewilder him.

The two officers endeavored vainly to rub their faces with their shoulders.

"Say, Sneth," broke in Tazewell, after some half hour's silence, "we wish you'd make some decision about us. Should we let us go on. There's a big dinner on to-night, Lincoln's birthday. Boucher and I want to carry friends from town."

Sneth looked around sharply. "Lincoln's birthday?"

"Yes, big dinner. Schwartz is going to spread up something fine."

"Lincoln's birthday," repeated Pudding. "Lincoln's birthday!" And he saw his mother telling him to be a good boy. Lincoln, that good man, his great grandfather's friend. Lincoln, the man whom Pud knew once owned the American navy, the legendary Lincoln of the Sneth family, and here he was, Theodore Roosevelt Sneth, deserting from Lincoln's navy on Lincoln's birthday. It had never come across him in that light before. He felt a kind of miserable melting inside of him. What would his father, his grandfather, and what, indeed, would old man Solomon Sneth, the fastidious, have said? Ah, what indeed? Pudding Sneth surely had got his foot into it.

Pud's great shock head sank into his forearm, that were propped up on his knees. He no longer even looked awkward. It might have been some powerfully carved heroic figure of renaissance, with his broadly rudely covered by a few irrelevant rags. Then the giant suddenly rose to his great height, as tall as Lincoln, and there was an expression on his face that neither of the two midshipmen understood.

"Look here, boys," Sneth said, addressing his superiors with the democracy of the mountains that admits no superior nor knows no inferior, "I want to do right, and I know this ain't right, but kaint' you fellows git me out of that little cook galley where a man piddles with little half-ounce jobs all day long and put me on some wares a fellow can take a leave and a lift. I'm used to leading logs at home. I twleve them piddin' women's jobs is what made me leave the Minnesota. Anyway, I'm comin' back to take my medicine. I aint done right 'n I ought to git punished. But give me a man's job when you're thru with me."

Tazewell stood upright, very straight. He might have offered a hand if they had been free.

"Sneth," he said, "if you mean that, you're on. We do our best between you and the old man."

"That we will," put in Boucher; "it come out all right, Sneth. We can make you stoker, or ammunition handler. You didn't desert, Sneth, you simply called the admiral's attention to the fact that he had put a huge pig in a very tiny hole."

Fifteen minutes later, Pud Sneth strolled lightly down the mountain trail, with a hundred and fifty-pound porker lashed to the back of his saddle and slung over his shoulder. Around him the broad fronds of palms clicked and rustled, but in the giant's ears sounded the gurgle of mountain streams, the whisper of solemn pines, and the voice of his mother as she made him good-bye.



"Heroic soul in homely garb half hid;
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument and crowned him saint."

giant upon whom these foolish rags were accidental.

At last Boucher found his tongue. "Why did you leap on us like that, Sneth?" he demanded warily.

The cook's boy made no answer, but arose slowly, picked up the two rifles, and leaned them against one of the banyan trunks, then he looked thoughtfully into the pit where the pig still grunted occasionally.

"Why did you jump on us?" repeated Boucher with an officer's insistence.

"Because you're after me, want to take me back," explained the giant shortly.

The two West Pointers glanced at each other with a trace of amusement.

"Sneth," said Tazewell, "you are six feet and a half of wonderful coarset. Do you imagine two officers would have chased you. We'd have sent some men if we had wanted you."

"That's what I thought, too," agreed the cook's boy, sitting down on his heels, mountain fashion, and leaning against a banyan trunk; "but you come yourselves."

"We were out hunting for game," explained Tazewell. "We were after the pig that fell into your pit."

The cook's boy said nothing, did not look at the officers, but stared up through the dense crush of floral and animal life, squinting steadily on his heels. He felt greatly

demanding Tazewell, with rising interest in this queer primitive fellow.

"When you leave, I'm going back to Guanatanama, git 'em direction back to Havana, and walk home."

"O," said Tazewell, "homeseickness."

Sneth frowned and looked around sharply. He would be accused of no such weakness.

"Now, it was the cook reporting me."

"What for?" inquired Tazewell.

"Striking my superior."

"Who did you strike?"

"Him—the cook."

The two prisoners smiled, then began to laugh outright.

"Why, he's not your superior. Cooks have no rank. You are all just cooks."

"And didn't he report me?"

"Why, no—he had nothing to report. If he had come up reporting one little fiek, the officer would have told him to thicken his error."

Sneth meditated on this: "Well, I shew have put my foot into it, haven't I?"

"You have," replied Tazewell, sardonically.

Sneth fell into a deeper reverie than ever. The mosquitoes and gnats shouted a chorus in their frail dance in the air. Parakeets and cockatoos screamed raucously at the trio.

"Why didn't you run when you thought

A PHYSICIAN in Colorado Springs assured Crandall and me with a vaguely amused air that he did an extensive practice during the summer months examining the hearts of tourists to see whether or not they were able to endure the ascent up Pike's Peak. He imparted this information as he listened to my own heart action under a stethoscope. Then he resumed his professional manner. "Fit as a fiddle," he declared heartily, taking the rubber pad off my chest. "You can go right up."

A few moments later my partner and I were both pronounced "fit as fiddles" for the expedition. I don't approve that figure myself. I have never observed my peculiar fitness in violins for mountain climbing. At any rate we found much comfort in walking out of the office with hearts officially tested and approved. A few minutes later we took a car from Colorado Springs to Manitou, a village at the foot of the mountains where the climb really begins.

During every view of the trolley, Pike's Peak stood out above the ragged sky line of the Rockies, filling our eyes with its size and color. Since then I have observed the peak under many weather conditions. On busy days it is a rosy, cloudlike blue, re-



The Pike's Peak burro is the best investment to be found in the west.

sembling the landfall of some tropical island. In muggy weather it ranges from steel-gray to almost black. But on clear sparkling mornings it shines out in warm brown tints, with the pile and twill of velvet. Indeed, it seemed as if one might stretch an arm through the eleven miles of thin air and stroke the rich fur and make friends with this old monarch clad in seal and snow ermine.

One of the most beautiful, also one of the most evanescent, glimpses I obtained was when the peak arose, cut off from the basal mountains by the strata of white cloud. This left a snow-spangled dome floating detached against a vivid blue sky. I had seen such effects suggested in Japanese aquaroles, but I had never before quite believed them.

As our car ran into Manitou, the foot-hills, Cameron's Cone, Mount Manitou, Old Baldy, rose up in the foreground and excluded the peak from view, and this, by the way, was the last glimpse we caught of the peak until we were within one or two miles of the summit.

Crandall was comfortably sure that he could walk right up. He began telling me how he had done twenty miles on Mount Pilatus in five hours, but that turned out to be a motor road that goes around Pilatus out of Switzerland into Italy. I was still trying to show him the difference, when, fifteen minutes later, we reached the station house of the cog road.

We found the waiting-room full of tourists anxiously discussing whether they should walk up or wait for the cog train. There were no strangers in the crowd. A fat old lady in velveteen came right up to Crandall, offered him some of her popcorn, and asked him anxiously what he thought of her heart.

There was a brisk sale on lemons and oranges at the lunch stand, as these are supposed to ward off mountain sickness. The prospective climbers were clad in everything from flannel to summer flannels and astrakhan overcoats. Experienced climbers regaled novices with the most extraordinary tales. They assured us the altitude would cause bleeding of the ears and nose, smothering, headache, shortness of breath, vertigo, heart failure, hemorrhage of the lungs, death. That was as bad as they got, death. It came as a sort of relief that nothing worse could befall us.

Apprehension at the foot of the peak is contagious. Everybody speculated with a kind of joyful dubiousness as to their lungs, legs, hearts. It seemed funny at first, but after a bit I began to think about my lungs and heart. It seemed to me, now that I recalled it, that the doctor's examination had been perfunctory. I tried counting my own pulse, but thought I observed a slight irregularity in my systole or diastole. I've never been able to tell one from the other. Presently I found myself talking earnestly to a middle-aged man who had



been up twice, once on the car, once on foot. I asked him seriously, as man to man, whether he thought from the color in my cheeks and the sparkle of my eyes, would I be able to make it? He said he believed so if I would only walk slow, take my time, and if I had no weaknesses. I felt grateful for this encouragement and decided to try it. Perhaps out of a hundred tourists, ninety-five look their physical machinery squarely in the face for the first time in their lives at the foot of Pike's Peak. Only a few face the mile-high inquisitor undisturbed.

Crandall and I and the rest of the crowd walked.

The elevation of Pike's Peak above the sea level is 14,109 feet. Its actual height above Manitou is 7,500 feet, or about a mile and a half straight up in the air. The cog road leading to this height is about nine miles long, giving an average grade of sixteen per cent. Now sixteen per cent is not so steep as an ordinary stairway, but nine miles of it forms a rather uphill business for the best walker. The trouble with beginners is, they walk too fast. Every one warns the novice not to walk fast. But there is temptation on every side to speed up. The track on the side of the cog road is of smooth beaten sand and invites a brisk pace. Crags of granite hang down toward you out of the sky, and are covered over with ferns and spruce and wild flowers that fill the thin air with a subtle changing perfume. A brook from the melting snow on the mountain comes rushing down among the boulders, and leaping over waterfalls, fills the air with music. All this combines to take your mind off your business of going slow, and first thing you know, you are talking along at a great rate, whistling, singing, kicking at the cinders along the path, and talking to your fellow climbers.

In fact, it was so joyful that Crandall and I wondered at all this talk of hearts and lungs and endurance. True enough, we saw now and then blue-faced human ghosts creeping down the track who inspired in a dry-died whisper how far it was to Manitou, but we were not warned. In fact, climbing Pike's Peak is curiously like a paradise of life itself, and wherever heard, in a parable, of gasping squandering youth taking advice from the thin shaking finger of age?

The road up the mountain falls naturally into three stages; the first to the Half Way House, which is our fourth distance to the peak; the second to the tree level, and the third to the summit.

Along this route there are several lunch stands, three hotels, one newspaper office, and a United States traveler's observatory. The trail itself is traversed by pedestrians, tramps, and burro parties. There is perhaps scarcely an hour, night or day, during the summer when its path is not sprinkled with travelers, and yet the walk up Pike's Peak is a lonely journey.



Purple brother peonies thrust up mailed heads.

There is a sustenance in the upper regions that human activity seems unable to dissipate. The silence of the heights fills the ears like cotton; it swallows up the voices of companions at a distance all animal life to pantanum. Chrysantheums scatter over the rocks like shadows. There is always a cold wall, but it gains no hold for reverberation. Birds carcan in the gale not forty feet above your head, but their thin, cracking, snails far away. Purple brother peonies thrust up mailed heads into a stillness of sunshine, and far to the East lie the phosias as level, as brilliantly blue, and as motionless as the Dead Sea.

A curious progression of spring followed us up the peak. Near the bottom I had observed some striped raspberry bushes. Beyond Hellgate, a pass at the Half Way House formed by a huge boulder, the size of a skyscraper and the mountainside, we found ripe berries graining along the track. We could have gathered all we wished to eat, but by this time we were too tired to stoop and pick them. A thousand feet or so higher, we reached green fruit and blossoms. We also found some tiny ripe strawberries, about the size of a hatpin's head, and of a flavor as delicate and thin as the mountain air.

And there were wild flowers everywhere, primroses, purple arums, Indian paint-brushes, larches, anemones, columbines. I ran through this catalogue as I ran, approach to not too abrupt a way the Alpine violas which we found on the peak buried in the snow. They are tiny blue flowers, a whole cluster grows about a single stem, and look over like forget-me-nots than our ordinary wood violas. They are by far the most fragrant blossoms I have ever enjoyed. And their odor is as lasting as if prepared in ambergris. I wrapped a bunch in my handkerchief, and for two or three days thereafter the cloth smelled as if it had been dipped in perfume.

From Half Way House to the tree line the contour of the mountain is open, free from precipitous cliffs, and views in and out in huge squares and depressions (East Tennessee would call them "coves").



The summit.

It may be difficult to hold a mountain as reader sharply with the enormous size of these spurs and coves. They look like the rolling plains tipped up on an edge. When I stood on one turn of a spur and watched the train around the west turn, it was reduced to the size of a toy. A burro train was a string of ants, a man was perceptible as a speck to sharp eyes.

These open windy coves, from one to two miles across, formed the most discouraging part of our hike. We saw so much of it looked hopeless. Apparently Crandall and I were unable to gain a bit of ground on the opposite bend. A half hour's walk barely started us up the long vrescut swing of the cog road. Hope of reaching the top died right along here and we turned into funeral mourners, with breath that was too short for a wail. Our legs developed a kind of leader personality of their own, and they declined to be hurried. We found when we stopped to rest it was worse to sit down, as the legs refused to get up again, so every thirty or forty yards we stopped, stood still, swaying slightly because our balance was uncertain.

And always there was the great shoulder of the mountain curving up into the sky, and we knew that we were toiling microscopically around one wrinkle in its sleeve.

In the middle of one of these coves, just below the tree line, we saw a little one-story shack, and I think even our legs took notice and made a little better speed. We reached the open door, dropped ourselves across the threshold, half in and half out, as gracefully as two wood hogs. A blessed fragrance came to my nostrils. It was neither flowers nor

coffee nor tea, nor ham and eggs. It was printer's ink. I was in a newspaper office. I was at home. I could show my card, lie down on a pile of papers, and rest a week if I desired.

The editor and publisher of Pike's Peak News, a fat, brown-faced man, sat on a stool before a case and never turned a head nor a hair at our collapse. No doubt sight-seers wreck on his doorstep at the rate of fifty or fifty a day. He went on setting type and asked us out the back of his head would we like to register.

We made signs to each other that we would. The editor fattened these signs telepathically and told us it would cost us ten cents each. We made other dubious signs.

The Pike's Peak News is one paper that has no reporters, no subscribers, no editorials, no articles, no news. It is exclusively personal. It prints the names of the tourists who climb the peak either on foot, by burro, or by train. The tourist is charged ten cents for the insertion of his name, and he receives a copy of the paper with his name in it by way of return. Or will be mailed to him by express. The name of the tourist is underlined. Situated just beneath the tree line, it is the highest newspaper in the world—ten cents the copy.

As we lay draped on the door sill, I became interested in a droll running noise, a sort of "double shuffle" such as the roussabouts execute on Mississippi River steamers when under way. I pulled myself up and listened. Then I found the commotion taking place in my chest. "You're really asstuffed," Crandall, said. "Do you hear that?"

"Hear what?" he panted.

"My heart."

"That's my heart you hear," gasped my friend.

"Oh, it isn't," I demurred, "my heart is beating all over me from my head to my feet. It's going like a dynamo. That doctor fooled us, Crau, we're in bad."

Then Crandall asked the editor if he died on his step would he let our names go in the Pike's News? We were told a fee of ten cents to advertise his business acumen. The editor told us there was not the least danger, that everybody's heart acted the same way at that level. He then brought his ledger and took our names.

He told us that we would preserve that paper for years to come as a precious record of our trip. He said we could never spend ten cents in a way that would do us any good. He said we would mail a copy to our loved ones at home and we would preserve it as a souvenir, either they would while away many happy hours. He then reached in my pocket, got out a quarter and restored the change. He did Crandall the same way. We seemed a very honorable man.

As to our hearts, mine was one hundred and thirty, twice normal, and Crandall's made one hundred and thirty-five. This was the sign of cardiac weakness. All heart trouble rates from the tree line up. Some run as high as two hundred on the peak. Many persons are unable to sleep at Summit House, the hotel on the peak, owing to the heavy beating of their hearts. So the excitement about heart work was "dead at the foot of the cog road was not without ground."

Since we were not going to die, Crandall and I thought we might as well get up and mosey on, which we did.

The tree line on Pike's Peak is as sharply defined as a streak of green paint on a brown boardwalk. Firs and spruce march up from the valley to the eleven-thousand, five-hundred foot line and chop off as sheerly as wall. They stop up exactly, and not a sapling oversteps.

Beyond the tree line the bleakest and coldest stretch of howling boulders reach on up into the clouds. It reminded me of the biblical term "abandonment and desolation." Indeed, the guides and trainmen give these superlative covers such descriptive names as the Abyss of Desolation, the Bottomless Pit. It is these bleak boulders, some as huge as houses, that give a faint view of Pike's Peak its weird, vixenly effect.

Snow fields glittered whitely on the ragged expanse. The wind was latterly cold. Everybody saw, on burro, foot, or car, was blue and shivering. At this height the bare riders had pulled on their slickers and were shaggy yellow bunnies sticking on diaphanous mounds. Crandall and I buttoned our summer coats about our throats and moved on with chattering teeth. The birds alighted near our mouths as dry as boules. There was no water, so we ate snowballs. We held them in our drinking cups to keep from numbing our hands.

Clouds that had been hovering over the peak all day now began to bill and snow on it. It was cold to see storm clouds drift

straight toward us like don curtains and pepper us with sleet.

Our situation reminded us that two years ago this August two climbers were caught in a snowstorm on this Windy Point and frozen to death.

In this huge rocky wilderness we saw two mountain rats slither up on a big boulder, leer at us, then squirm out of sight. The name "mountain rat" may not sound formidable to the uninitiated, but the things are not rats. They are about the size of opossums, they look uglier than a wart hog and meaner than a tarantula. They don't trot along in an ordinary animallike way. They slither, slip, crawl, squirm, slide. They were born for the gillows and conist themselves at first sight an circumstantial evidence. Their appearance makes out the case and their actions sign the death warrant. I saw two on my walk and I don't care if I never see another. The reason I mention them is because some mountain rats attacked a little child on the peak and killed it. It is buried up there and its headstone relates its uneasy fate.

While on disagreeable subjects, I will mention one more thing about the trip, start at a stone rpling down Pike's Peak. This seems a trivial act, but if the reader will think of the infinite number of boulders ranging from the size of one's thumb to the size of one's house, precariously balanced on the mountainside, just ready to plunge miles below, he will understand the reason of the law.

During the last half mile Crandall and I were so exhausted that we could only walk ten or twelve paces, and then would be forced to stand and rest for two or three minutes. Our progress was a meadow. We stuck to one side of the railroad now because we did not feel able to lift our feet over the four-inch cogs.

Our lips were blue, faces bloodless. I had a headache and, racing in my ears, Crandall's eyes were blinky from snow and sunshine, and we were cold as icicles.

There was a crowd on the long platform of the Summit Hotel, and they began laughing at us as we slowly shuffled up. They asked us with much surprise if we were tired, if the walk up had really tired us?

I then saw that nobody but weaklings became weary from a nine-mile stroll up a peak. At present a welcome, I shook my head slowly to show them that I, too, felt fresh as a codfish. And Crandall, with his dry mouth would finally work, mumbled out: "No, we're not tired, not in the least. We're dead—kindly prepare graves for two."

A Contemporary Opinion

LETTER was written by the late Edwin L. Godkin to the Daily News, of London, on March 7, 1865. This was just after Lincoln had pronounced his second inaugural, and that of address Mr. Godkin remarked:

"The present address of Mr. Lincoln, I suppose, the shortest inaugural address on record, probably for the best of all reasons—that he had very little to say. He has no new policy to trace out, nothing to explain that has not been already explained half a dozen times. 'What he said last Saturday was little more than a formal acknowledgment of the honor which has just been conferred on him, but though formal, was hearty, and what is perhaps better still, and certainly rarer, it was in excellent taste. His English is about as good as Lord Malmesbury's, but he hardly ever says a feeble thing, and except when he undertakes to discuss questions of political economy, which are far beyond his depth, he is invariably sharp, if not witty."

Such was the mildly appreciative and somewhat patronizing description by an intelligent Englishman of the address destined to be immortal, in which Abraham Lincoln said:

"Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the case of the conflict might cease with the even flow of the tide, should it be so. Even I looked for no easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding."

"Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could well be answered. That of neither has been answered fully."

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'We utter the world because of offenses for it must needs be that offenses come; but we to that man by whom the offense cometh.'"

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribed to him?"

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

"We must make toward now, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have suffered the loss of a loved one, and his orphan and the widow, and to cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Mr. Godkin found that Lincoln, with the burden of the great war on him and the shadow of death crossing his pathway not far ahead, had very little to say, but said that very little in "excellent taste," and in English "about as good as Lord Malmesbury's," and he approved the address on the whole, even though his author's intellect seemed to him inadequate for the profundities of political economy.

His Training in Oratory

BY WILLIAM RITTENHOUSE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's speech at Gettysburg is one of the marvels and models of true eloquence. How did a man, a lawyer, a member of the educated classes, thus surpass all the trained orators of his day? An interesting answer will be found in his quoted remarks to an acquaintance who once asked him, after having heard him argue in a law case with wonderful clearness and simplicity, where he was educated. Lincoln replied:

"I never went to school more than six months in my life. But I can say this, that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a very young man, I got irritated when anyone talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life, but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since."

"I can remember going to my little bedroom after hearing the neighbors' talk in the evening with my father; and spending no small part of the night walking up and down and trying to make out what was the meaning of some of the hard sayings. I could not sleep, though I tried very hard. When I went on such a hunt for an idea, and until I had it, or thought I had, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, and had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend."

"This was a kind of passion with me. It has stuck by me, for I am never easy now when I am handling a case until I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west."

What college education in rhetoric could match such passionate, painstaking home study? Any young man desirous to think clearly and speak with plainness in the future would do well to imitate Lincoln's concentrated way, but it brings results. Lincoln won almost every jury trial in which he took part, because the jury always understood every point of his argument, while other talkers confused them. He left no "dark sayings" in the testimony, but explained everything lucidly and connectedly; and while he was doing all this in his clients' behalf, he was developing for himself, day by day, the power of plain speech in the fewest and most striking words which made him the greatest speaker in America—the only speaker adequate to the national crisis when it came.

Another point in Lincoln's training was his eagerness to learn from men and books whatever they could teach him. He once told a friend that he had "read every book he had ever heard of in his county for a circuit of fifty miles." He attended every trial in the neighborhood, and frequently walked to Booneville—fifteen miles—to attend court and hear the speeches. Out of each book and each case he took what was good, and made it his own. No outside education could match such a deep, thorough culture of thought and speech. Lin-

coln mastered language through and through; and it was out of his own experience, after twenty years' success at the bar, that he gave to a young man who wanted to become a lawyer, this advice:

"Get books, and read and study them carefully. Work, work, work—that is the main thing."

Lincoln's method is within the reach of any ambitious boy. A college education is valuable; but it is not indispensable, as this study of our great President's training shows. All things are possible to the determined, the passionate worker, wherever he starts, and whatever the obstacles in his way.—Bechance.

Lincoln As An Artist

WE know that both in youth and in age Lincoln was a great reader of Shakespeare. Probably that wide and ardent spirit, dreaming at large upon the full possibilities of life, dreamed at times of doing something of the work that Shakespeare did, of reflecting the manner of his great master in narrative and verse. If so, the dreams were lightly discarded, and Lincoln as a writer contented himself with pitting the weighty needs of every day into language of firm texture, and when he wrote of high important occasions, he wrote of the high importance of the occasion.

But Lincoln had kinship with Shakespeare, the supreme artist, in far deeper ways than in the mere mastery of words. He saw life on the high plane of eternity, as Shakespeare saw it and as every true artist sees it.

From this poetical temperament came Lincoln's melancholy. He accepted the hard facts of life as calmly as any man, and fought meanness and greed and sinning and open business, as if victory over them were all he cared for. Yet at the same time, with the poet's sense of things beyond, he saw not only the pettiness of defeat, but the pettiness of present victory compared with the years before and the years after, and the deep mystery of the destiny of men. Who has known this melancholy and expressed it better than Shakespeare?

From his poetical temperament, again, came Lincoln's humor, so closely akin to Shakespeare's. It is world removed from the noisy clatter of trivial laughter. Lincoln was no laughter and we are sure that Shakespeare was not. Just as the sense of the groping mystery of things breeds sadness in its pathetic aspect, so the contrast between the huge eagerness of men and their pitiful accomplishment breeds a sad, not a merry, scorn, a sense of the emptiness and loneliness. We know how storm and sunshine mingled in the heart of Shakespeare. Not one degree less did they mingle in the heart of Lincoln.

Had Shakespeare's supreme greatness as an artist was in his comprehension—by loving sympathy—of the hearts of men, of all men. Was not that Lincoln's greatness, too? Shakespeare used his gift to create men and women who can never die. Lincoln used his to play his great master on instruments so different as Seward and Chase and Stanton, as McClellan and Hooker and Sherman and Grant, and by his genius reunited a nation that as long as it lives will remember him.

The chief fruitfulness of this point of view is that it brings out clearly the distinction between Lincoln and even the greatest of his contemporaries, say Seward and Grant in the North, and Lee and Davis in the South. They were all practical men, men absorbed in the immense affairs in which they were engaged. They did not look above or beyond them. Lincoln did. He had not only a profound intelligence; he had a great spiritual vision. He was not only a great statesman; he was a great artist.—Selected.

A Singer of Bird Songs

A young woman has appeared who spent much of her childhood playing in the woods, and who then learned to call the birds. David Behrman heard of her, and in a play which he was about to produce he wanted a nightingale to sing its plaintive song. It was found that she could do it perfectly. A physical man who has studied her throat says it is similar to the vocal apparatus in birds. She was asked to sing for President Wilson, and did so, to his delight.

"Do you think the frequent political excitement is desirable?" asked the conservative citizen.

"Undoubtedly. We need something occasionally to remind our habesball players that they are not the only great people on earth."—Washington Star.

MOST girls expect to work from the time they leave school "until they marry." Do they like their work? They are fortunate if they do. Are the wages good? Perhaps not, but one can afford to pinch for a few years, thinks many a girl; one can sit up late at night making dresses, go without lunch to pay for an evening's pleasure, and share the contents of the thin pay envelope with mother and the children. Pretty soon, praise charming will come along, disguised as a machinist or a usually young clerk, and take her out of this.

There is no use saying to the girl who works, "But perhaps you won't marry, for women are like soldiers going into battle; no soldier, they say, thinks he will be the one to be killed, and no girl really expects that she will be the one to remain an 'old maid.'" As the majority don't, she has chance on her side. Certainly it is in married life that a woman realizes her highest dreams of happiness and usefulness, and any girl should be proud of the fact that she is deliberately training herself to be a successful wife and mother.

But suppose she does marry—one, two, three, six years after she goes to work. Then, of course, her husband will support her. But there is Mrs. Blank, whose husband died last week of tuberculosis; and Mrs. Smith, whose man was hurt in an accident; she has three small children to feed, besides paying the doctor's bills; and Mrs. Upgo has gone back to work, not because of any accident, but just because she wants her children well educated. Almost any one of us could name at least two or three of our acquaintance who "got out of" the working world, only to get into it again at some later time in their lives.

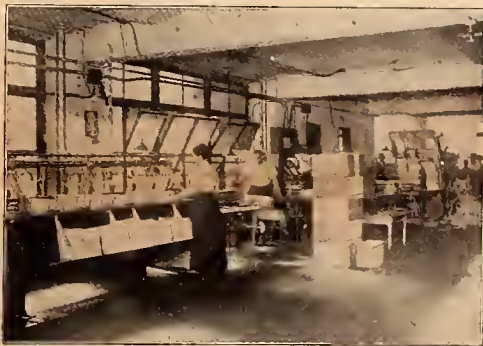
And there is the larger problem present-



ing artificial flowers or fine lace? Do you like to keep things in order, to fit dresses, to make buttonholes, to be near machinery? Do you get along well with people, so that you think you could work up into a forewoman's position in time? The girl who is looking for work in any factory ought to ask herself these questions. Better still, she ought to begin before the time comes, by questioning people she knows about their work, spending parts of her vacation in the factory, if possible, and keeping her eyes open to every suggestion. Many cities have placement bureaus, sometimes at the Young Women's Christian Association buildings, which help the girl to find her best opportunity. A first-class employer sees to it that his workers have the task best suited to their abilities. He knows that it will pay. But if the employer does not look out for it, the girl should. She may be choosing her task for a lifetime.

IS IT SUITED TO YOUR HEALTH?

Working all day, at top speed, on one



Courtesy of Russell Sage Foundation. Photo by Hove.

Wire-stitching done in a bright, well-ventilated room.

ing itself to the girls of the present generation of whether a woman, to be a good wife and mother, should not know just as much about the problems of the world as possible. Supposing she is going to marry at the end of her wage-earning years, and never need to earn another penny in her life. Will she not be better fitted for this higher service if during her wage-earning years she has done worth-while congenial work in healthful surroundings? Would it pay to wear herself out by working over hours in a dark, ill-ventilated room? One year is long enough for a girl to contract tuberculosis in a factory that is swept while the girls are at work, tossing in the air for all to breathe germs that have been bred in dark, dirty corners. One month is long enough to lose in an accident the hand that ought to make the children's dresses in that home of the future. Three years of overwork, with hasty meals and late hours, is enough to leave a girl who is not of the strongest so tired that she will never be rested for the remainder of her life.

Even if all these things were not true, life is short, and youth is shorter. Why not give all the thought she can, "until she marries," to the place where she spends the sunlight hours through three hundred and sixty-five days of the year? Every girl has a right to be happy in her work, with all that this implies. Whether she chooses professional life and becomes a doctor or librarian or stenographer or enters a store, she will do well to consider all these questions. In the next few articles under "The All Around Girl" there is opportunity to touch upon only a few of the occupations of girls.

DO YOU LIKE YOUR WORK?

Do you love to be dainty, careful work with your fingers, such as is needed in mak-

ing artificial flowers or fine lace? Do you like to keep things in order, to fit dresses, to make buttonholes, to be near machinery? Do you get along well with people, so that you think you could work up into a forewoman's position in time? The girl who is looking for work in any factory ought to ask herself these questions. Better still, she ought to begin before the time comes, by questioning people she knows about their work, spending parts of her vacation in the factory, if possible, and keeping her eyes open to every suggestion. Many cities have placement bureaus, sometimes at the Young Women's Christian Association buildings, which help the girl to find her best opportunity. A first-class employer sees to it that his workers have the task best suited to their abilities. He knows that it will pay. But if the employer does not look out for it, the girl should. She may be choosing her task for a lifetime.

ARE YOUR WAGES RIGHT?

Oregon decided a little while ago to make a law that no employer could pay any girl less than \$8.61 per week for work in a factory, or \$9.25 in a store. The difference is made because a subgirl must dress better.

In the twelve other States that have taken up the "minimum wage" question, the amount agreed upon has been nearly the same. But in New York State, at the latest census report, women workers were receiving the following average wages: milliners, \$7.63; makers of women's clothing, \$7.68; artificial flower and feather makers, \$6.29; bookbinders, \$6.13; paper box makers, \$5.65; and the average for all manufacturing pursuits was \$6.51.

If this is the average, some folks must have been receiving a great deal less. New York is not alone in this.

The first question is "Are you earning a fair living wage?" The second, "Are you getting it?" Under a minimum wage law, those who do not deserve a living wage would either lose their places or be taught to do better. There would be more truth than ever in the saying:

"There is a future for the fellow

Who does the best he can

And then some.

It's the 'then some' that counts."

But it is exactly as much a girl's duty to get the wage, if she can, as to turn it. The girl who has a fair wage can live a more wholesome life, can help others, and lay up strength for the home that is perhaps to come. One girl alone cannot always demand the wages she ought to have; but all working together intelligently can help, and it has been done without strikes or violence in some cases. Even if the girl does not reap the benefits of her efforts, her children may.

WHAT KIND OF A PLACE DO YOU WORK IN?

Light, air, cleanliness, heat in winter, protection from fire and accident, sanitary toilet arrangements, a chance to sit down part of the day; these things the girl who is looking for a place cannot afford to neglect.



Courtesy of Russell Sage Foundation. Photo by Hove.

Wire-stitching all day under artificial light.

Miss Mary Van Kleef tells of "two factories making essentially the same class of hardware goods. In one the accident rate among women was eighteen per cent. among workers, while in the other, with its more careful wearing of revolving belts and its safety attachments on stamping presses, the corresponding rate was only 4.4 per cent." Many employers are learning that it pays to treat their workers well, while some do it from pure justice and honor. They do not necessarily "take it out of the wages," as girls are quick to think, for the girls do enough better work under good conditions to pay the difference.

If in these absolute work the factory adds a bit of ground where the workers can play games at noon, a clean, restful luncheon, occasional rest periods during the day, and the rare of a nurse in case of accident or illness, who would not like to work in it? All these things have been done, and without great material expense to the employer. But some say, "The girls can't appreciate it." So it makes a difference what the girl thinks about these things, you see.

DOES YOUR EMPLOYER KEEP THE LAW?

Every State has some laws about the kind of factories girls may work in, the hours they may work, and all the other matters



Courtesy of Russell Sage Foundation. Photo by Hove.

A girl should always ask the question: "Is my work suited to my health?"

just now discussed. Some factories do not keep these laws. If their workers do not even know the difference, who will show them? By writing to the Factory Commission in the capital city of her State, any girl can learn what these laws are. A complaint about any law that is not kept may be sent to this same Factory Commission, which sends official inspectors to visit factories; or to the Consumers' League, an organization of women who have agreed to buy only goods that are made under right conditions, and in stores where proper rules are kept. These women also have inspectors who visit factories and look out for the welfare of those at work in them. The National office is at 259 Fourth Avenue, New York City, but it is better to write to the State office if there is none.

DO YOU LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS?

"When I came, it was a regular thing for the girls in the factory to have scraps once in a while. We don't have them any more; the girls are too proud of their good names." The speaker was a "golden worker," as a person is called who is hired in some factories to look after the comfort, health, and happiness of the workers. She had helped them to get to know each other, start a reading-room, get good lunches together, and, best of all, to learn the spirit of "team work," of loyalty to a common purpose and to each other. Can you fancy how much happier they were than in the days when "scraps" were the rule of the day?

The best way to like the other girls is to get acquainted with them, and to forget all differences in working together for a good time up a good cause. In a city which has a good Young Women's Christian Association building, clubs from the different factories often go together to take swimming lessons or Bible study, or to have parties or firm rushes in millinery, cooking, or a dozen other things. Clubs are usually welcome in need in the building, whether under the control of the Association or not. Other self-governing clubs of working girls are organized by the National League of Women Workers, 25 East Thirtieth Street, New York City, which is glad to help those who wish to start new clubs in any place.

LEARN NOT TO JUDGE, for we do not know the secrets of the heart. We judge men by girls, or by a correspondence with our own peculiarities, but God judges by fidelity.—Robertson.

